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POEMS
AND
POETICAL GEMS,

*CORRECTING EXISTING WEAKNESS IN SOCIETY,
CHURCH AND STATE, AND DESIGNED TO
INSPIRE THE YOUNG WITH HIGHER,
TRUER AND NOBLER IDEAS OF
LIFE AND OUR REDEEMER.*

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BY EMORY W. JUSTUS.

INVOCATION:

May all who do, these verses hear,
At last before, the Lamb appear,
In robes of white, with hearts of pearl,
To bask in that, Eternal World.

Worthy is the Lamb.—REV. 14:6

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1887.

TYPOGRAPHICAL ERRORS.

1. Second Page, second verse, last line, the word "fair" should be placed before Hypocrite.
2. Third page, third verse, last line, "bark" should read "bask;" also, fourth verse, second line, "Father's" should be "Tattler's."
3. Fourth page, fourth verse, last line, "push" should be "put."
4. Fifth page, last line, "an" should have been inserted before "art."
5. Twenty-sixth page, eleventh line from bottom of the page, "Was" should have been "Has."

THE UNIVERSAL ECHO,

OR

*The same Pilgrims' Looking-glass,
(Reflecting faults of every class,*

"There is none so homely but love's a Looking-glass
— *South,*

We're all ashamed, we're each in turn,
All other's faults, most sure to spurn,
We're all ashamed, we're each inclined,
To prate, the grosser faults, of all mankind.
So, where'er you come, where'er you go,
The land, is filled with this echo,

I'd be ashamed to let Deception lead the way,
With the Star of Bethlehem, to guide us day by day,
I'd be ashamed to seek, to lure, to cheat in vain
As the Hypocrite who gilds our earthly plain,

I'd be ashamed, to live in Sin,
Where, a life immortal, is to win,
I'd be ashamed, to doubt and sigh,
While others' hopes, do amplify,

I'd be ashamed, to spurn the Love,
Of Him, who left, that Home above,
I'd be ashamed, to sin and die,
With, such a God, to glorify.

I'd be ashamed, with "Truth" renown,
To never trace our history down,
I'd be ashamed to read His Holy Will,
And not prepare to meet, and greet Him still.

I'd be ashamed, in such a race,
Those Lines of Duty not to trace,
I'd be ashamed for want of light,
To bark, in one eternal night.

I'd be ashamed, for idle fame,
To ever wear the Father's name,
I'd be ashamed for vile renown,
To peddle gossip, through the town.

I'd be ashamed, in these enlightened days,
To rob a noble effort of its deserved praise,
I'd be ashamed, in these ignoble ways,
To crop the wings of Truth's inspiring rays.

I'd be ashamed, for want of true, pure and manly grace,
To live and die, with hate or envy pictured in my face,
I'd be ashamed of Malice, to which the ignoble mind's a slave,
I'd rather cherish emulation, as the learned or the brave.

I'd be ashamed of wrath or rage of fury, indignation too,
To such as blight the heart and soul, I'd bid a long, a last adieu,
I'd be ashamed to be a Cain, in riot or in strife,
For all are Cains, with fiery brains, who quench the cup of life.

I'd be ashamed, with Cupid's dart,
To ever play the lover's part,
I'd be ashamed, by such an art,
To plunge a dagger through the heart.

I'd be ashamed, to offend the God above,
For want of true devotion to the wedded love,
I'd be ashamed, Oh! degenerate man!
To push asunder, God's almighty plan.

I'd be ashamed, a slave to Fashion,
To ever bow to pride or passion,
I'd be ashamed to be a slave,
In this the land of the True and Brave.

I'd be ashamed, as Passion's, pliant Slave,
To simply woo a Fair, for Pleasure's fleeting wave.
I'd be ashamed a Wretch, a Villain, lost to love and Truth,
To e'er betray a fair, sweet Maiden's unsuspecting youth.

I'd be ashamed, with Passion's vile enrage,
To add, a single stain, to Virtue's Silken Page,
I'd be ashamed, with such a Gift Divine,
To be a Slave, to Passion or to Wine

Yes, I'd be ashamed, of Folly's luring snare,
For sure, she'll prove the nurse of every earthly care,
We ought to be ashamed, from depraved appetites,
To foster self destruction, as the filthy Sodomites.

I'd be ashamed, a Knave, a Profligate to be,
Where all the wealth of Worlds, is promised to the free,
I'd be ashamed, a Loon, or a Vagabond to be,
Where all Nature rings, in ceaseless toil for me.

I'd be ashamed, the weak, the Modern Belle to ape,
Who knows or cares for nothing, but fashion, show or shape,
I'd be ashamed to play, the ruthless Cynic's part,
Who always seeks to prove, that virtue is but art.

I'd be ashamed, a miser or a Prodigal to be,
As though this beautiful World was simply made for me.
I'd be ashamed to scoff at any sacred thing,
Lest the Wrath of God, should smite me on the wing

I'd be ashamed, though everlasting trim and neat,
To play, the pompous Peacock, while strutting on the street,
I ought to be ashamed, while treading on the strand,
To forget the God, who made, who beautifies the land.

I'd be ashamed, to be a quack,
With dyspeptic stomach, with pain in back,
I'd be ashamed, to be a Dude,
With head so light, with air so rude.

I'd be ashamed to be so wise,
That others, seem pygmies, in my eyes,
I'd be ashamed to ventilate,
Like knowledge filled my pompous Pate.

I'd be ashamed, notwithstanding God is love,
To croak as the Raven, or coo as the Dove,
I'd be ashamed, where all nature is ablaze,
To warble forth no note, no joyous sound of praise.

THE UNIVERSAL ECHO.

I'd be ashamed, 'gainst the Eternal's Will,
To spit tobacco, upon His holy hill,
I'd be ashamed, despite the Eternal Views,
To ape the ox, the brute, in the end he chews.

I'd be ashamed to glut or gormandize through life,
With appetite and passion in one eternal strife,
I'd be ashamed in age, in manhood or in youth,
To be a Wretch, a Drunkard, lost to love and truth.

I'd be ashamed, while supping from the sacred chalice,
To nourish thoughts of hatred, of envy or of malice,
I'd be ashamed to shrink from christian toil or care,
For it is a life of beauty, decked with jewels rare.

I'd be ashamed, if Priest or Sage
To ever blight that Golden Page,
I'd be ashamed in such an age,
To play the clown upon its stage.

I'd be ashamed for Worldly pride,
To preach to please the popular side,
I'd be ashamed, through love of power,
To fashion my lecture to the hour.

I'd be ashamed, with thought and will,
To simply follow others still,
I'd be ashamed to die and know,
I'd left this world in greater woe.

I'd be ashamed, as one who instructs the noble youth,
Not to inspire a burning Love for Duty and for Truth,
I'd be ashamed as one who claims the Teacher's art,
To simply mold the mind and not to mold the heart.

I'd be ashamed, while here below,
Were Grace and Charity not to flow,
I'd be ashamed for want of manly pride,
The weak, the worldly vices not to chide.

I'd be ashamed, for worldly Lust,
To sacrifice a Heavenly trust,
I'd be ashamed for filthy Lucre,
To make the Lord, a stern rebuker.

I'd be ashamed for Greed of gain,
To cause a brother's heart to pain,
I'd be ashamed through pride or pelf,
To know no other want, but self.

I'd be ashamed, in such a world,
Our Gospel story, not to herald,
I'd be ashamed, with wings on high,
To think, I'd passed, one sinner by.

I'd be ashamed, for want of zeal,
The christian graces, not to seal,
I'd be ashamed, to crucify
The life that's promised, by and by.

I'd be ashamed, for Wealth or Fame,
To so disgrace, the christian name,
I'd be ashamed, for earthly Goal,
To lose, mine own immortal Soul.

I'd be ashamed to ape, the Bacchanalian feasts, of Old,
Or those who in the mighty sacred Temple traded, bought and sold,
I'd be ashamed, should consternation strike us, man to man,
As in days of Old, it did, Belshazzar's sacrilegious clan.

I'd be ashamed, with the sacred "Gift of Mind"
Those treasured gems of earth, to never seek to find,
I'd be ashamed in an age, of peace of light and Lore,
To never read and think of the perilous days of Yore,



I'd be ashamed, like Priest or King of old,
To thirst for blood, as I'd thirst for Gold,
I'd be ashamed, in this our golden Age,
To peddle human flesh upon its mighty stage

I'd be ashamed, Oh, Dissolute man,
Not to hand the Liquor Traffic, hand to hand,
And hand in hand, with one mighty wheel,
To cast the Fiendish Traffic off our world

I'd be ashamed, 'gainst God's command,
To shed confusion, through the land,
I'd be ashamed, with Satan's wicked clan,
To hurl destruction, upon Fallen Man

I'd be ashamed, despite our brave Forefather's will,
Should we become ruthless traitors to our country still,
I'd be ashamed, with the experience of ages past,
To see our glorious banner, draped in death at last,

Yes, we ought to be ashamed, by sect or party strife,
To mar, to check, the pure and nobler forms of life,
But rather by wise concert in Plan,
Shower countless blessings upon man.



I'd be ashamed, while sustained and soothed by God's unfaltering
 island,

Not to play the true, the great, the grand, and valiant part, of Na-
 ture's Gentleman,

I'd be ashamed, when wrapped in Nature's fond, though cold, Oh!
 cold embrace'

To leave one blight, one stain, upon our brave, our wise, our noble
 and heroic Race'

Oh! I'd be ashamed to live and die,
And never know the reason why,
Yes, I'd be ashamed to die and know,
I'd merely been a vain echo.

REST.

Rest! there is no rest for weary Pilgrim's feet,
But Rest! there will be rest when angel's voices greet.

“SWEET BUT SACRED IS THE PASS.”

'Tis sweet to be blessed by the Fiat of Fate,
But sacred to be either little or great,
'Tis sweet, to feast, thy soul upon Love,
But sacred, to embody, "That Image Above."

'Tis sweet to dwell in a Realm so bright,
But sacred the change, from darkness to light,
'Tis sweet to drink from the Fountain of Life,
But sacred to know it's tinged with strife

It is sweet to sing and soar as the Lark,
But a sacred thing, is one's duty to mark,
'Tis sacred to trust, in this veil of tears,
But sweet to dream of the Eternal Years

It is sweet to dream in the days of thy Youth,
But sacred to wander, from Duty and Truth,
It is sweet to fight the fight of the brave,
But sacred to live, and die as a Slave.

'Tis sacred to read, of the Ark and the Dove,
But sweet to dwell, in the Light of his Love,
'Tis sweet to read, of the Gift of His Son,
But sacred to run, the Race as he Run

'Tis sweet to rejoice, at the Feats of the Brave,
But sacred to drop, a tear on their grave,
'Tis sweet to extol, the deeds they have done,
But sacred to prove, an affectionate Son,

'Tis sacred to welcome, God's Spirit of Light,
But sweet to pass, from Blindness to Light,
How sacred, those scenes of Galilee
Though sweet, the Blessings they've brought to me,

'Tis sweet to drink, from the Fountain of Truth,
But sacred to fall, and be lost forsooth,
'Tis a sacred thing, God's Truth to thwart,
But sweet to obey and obey from the heart,

It is sweet to sup, at the Marriage I cast,
But oh! sacred the vow, we make to the Priest,
'Tis sweet to bow, at the shrine of Love,
But sacred to shame, the God Above

'Tis sweet to ply, the Boatman's oar,
But sacred to list, to the Billows roar,
'Tis sweet to breathe, the dreamy air,
But sacred to bow, in quiet Prayer.

It is sweet to water, the Plants in spring,
But sacred to list, to the Autumn wind's ring,
'Tis sweet to garner, the fruits when warm,
But sacred to brave, the bleak wintry storm.

It is sweet to think, of the wonders of Art,
But sacred to study, the Mind and the Heart,
It is sweet to witness, the Glories of Earth,
But sacred to dream of the days of its Birth.

'Tis sweet to embark, with the Angel of Love,
But sacred to enter, those Portals Above,
Ah! sacred the Theme of Eternity,
Though 'tis sweet to bask, in the land of the Free.

Yes 'tis sweet to live, to do and to trust,
But sacred to die, and moulder to dust,
Ah! sweet the journey from Youth unto Age
But sacred to die, and pass off the stage.

LOVE.

Love is the Parent of Bliss, with the wings of time,
Tuning hearts for Freedom, in every clime,
She's the Sister of Charity, with the Bread of Life,
Casting seeds of Harmony on the sea of Strife.

She's an angel of mercy, with a haven of Rest,
Plucking thorns of sorrow, from many a breast.

Yea, more, She's the Sun of the Soul,
The mighty angelic harbinger of peace on the sea of time,
Whose bright, whose effulgent rays,
Animate the heart of every soul,
Throughout the ceaseless clime.

While fools are lost in sleep,
Wise men are seen to creep

The purer the heart grows
The nobler the action flows.

THE VOICE OF INSPIRATION.

"There is a spirit in man and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding"—Job 32:8

We must live, the Gospel too,
As well as read it, through and through,
We must make our lives so bright
The World can see we're in the Light.

We must lend a helping hand,
To feet upon the sinking sand,
We must lure them on the way,
That leads to one Eternal Day.

We must send the Gospel to,
Every nation, every crew,
We must battle for the Right,
Till the World is filled with Light.

We must sow pure Gospel seed,
On the feverish soil of creed,
We must plant the seeds of life,
If we would quench the tares of strife.

We must labor, hand in hand,
In christian or in heathen land,
We must unite in heart, in plan,
If we would rescue fallen man.

We must open wide our doors,
And cast out schisms by the scores,
We must let the gospel be,
The creed of all Humanity.

Then we will free the world of woe,
As the ages come and go,
Then we will float her banner high,
Till her glories fill the sky.

Power, ah yes! much cherished, transcendent power,
Is but the garnered fruit of many a well spent hour.

OUR BABY GIRL.

We have a darling little girl,
The source of all our pleasure,
With breath of roses, teeth of pearl,
Oh she's a little treasure,

She's a precious little creature,
With a face so fair to see,
With a charm on every feature,
Oh! she's all the world to me

She's a winning little Fairy,
Full of mischief, full of glee,
Not a moment's time to tarry,
Ah! there is so much to see,

See her leave the arms of Mamma,
Hear her prattle 'bout the floor,
Hark! she hears the voice of Papa,
Crawls to greet him at the door.

Papa kisses little Treasure,
Places her upon his knee,
Soon she tires of such a pleasure,
'Tis the world, she wants to see.

Mamma wraps her little treasure,
Places her on Papa's arm,
Soon she's lost in baby pleasure,
As they ramble cross the farm

Papa loves the little beauty,
As she gazes on the world,
Hopes to teach her truth and duty,
Prays that she may be a pearl.

— — — — —

TIME.

Time! fast, fast fleeting Time, that mighty terrestrial King,
Who weighs the good and proves the ill of every living thing.

YE REAP AS YE SOW.

You must fight, if you would win,
A victory over crime;
You must sow what you would reap
In Eternity or time.

For to a life of virtue true,
Comes many blessings not a few,
And from the deep and boundless blue,
All nature whisper peace to you.

But on a life of Vanity Fair,
All nature stamps the thorns of care.
And from the darkness of the deep,
A wailing voice is heard to weep.

Yes, Angels chant sweet songs of praise,
To those who do the fallen raise,
But from a life of vanity,
Follows loss of Immortality.

CHRIST THE SACRIFICIAL LAMB.

There once appeared upon our stage,
A Prince of lowly parentage,
The Star of Bethlehem was he,
With Life and Immortality,
He lived but never lived in vain,
He rent the veil of Sin in twain,
He made the mighty World to see,
The power of His Divinity,
He lived, but never lived for show,
He died to pay the debt we owe,
He lived in sweet humility,
To be a light a guide for me,
He sacrificed His Home above,
And came to show His wondrous love,
He gave, He gave his life for me,
And shed His Blood to make me free,
He gave, He gave salvation too,
He gave it unto me and you,
He gave the heart and gave the soul,
Free entrance to that Home of Old,
He loves to do His Father's Will,
He loves His mission to fulfill,
He loves a righteous liberty,
He hates a vile iniquity,
He loved without regard to face,
He loved our weak and fallen Race.

He loves the faithful and the true,
And loves to intercede for you,
He was tempted in all points as we,
Though yielded to Satan, never he,
He put His enemy at bay,
And kept in the Eternal Way,
He wrought, but never wrought for fame,
He wrought in God, the Father's name,
He turned the water into wine,
Cast out demons into swine,
He cursed the fruitless, raised the dead,
Supplied the multitudes with bread,
He cleansed the Leper, healed the man,
Restored the sight and cured the lame,
Stilled the tempest, walked the sea,
Gave life and Immortality,
He cleansed the mind, redeemed the soul,
He cleansed the heart and freed the Whole,
He wrought, He wrought, Ah! who can tell?
He wrought so much and wrought so well,
He fed, but fed on something more,
Than loaves and fishes by the shore,
He fed to all the bread of Life,
But never fed on tares of Strife,
He spake of things that interest all,
He spake of Adam and his fall,

He spake of Satan and his crew,
He speaketh Life and peace to you,
He spake, as prophet spoke of old,
With words, in meaning, manifold,
He taught, but never taught as man,
He taught, on the Eternal Plan,
He taught, but never taught, in lore,
He preached the truth, and nothing more,
He preached, with force and beauty too,
He preached the Gospel unto you,
He proved, but never proved to be,
Engaged, in Satan's ministry,
He proved, He ever, proved to be,
The Word in, incarnation,
He proved, His own Divinity,
By Works and Deeds of Charity,
He blessed, but never blessed the vile,
He blessed, the poor and little child,⁹
He blessed, the loyal and the brave,
He never blesses, a thankless slave,
But rebukes the evil, warns the true,
Offers life immortal, unto you,
He is the Life, the Truth, the Way,
And gently calls us, day by day,
He glorifies, the low of birth,
But never gloried, in His worth,
He glorified the place of mirth,
He glorifies the pure of earth,

He glories, in those ports above,
He glorified the God of Love,
He glorifies, Ah! who can tell?
He glorified himself as well,
He glorified, His little band,
He glorified, a sin-cursed Land,
And showered blessings, upon man,
He wept, but never wept as we,
He wept, for frail humanity,
He wept for Martha, Mary too,
But not for Lazarus, as do you,
He chose, He chose the World to free,
Of sin and its carnality,
He chose, to bear His standard too,
The wise, the good, the brave the true,
He chose, He ever chose to be,
The Prince of Peace and Liberty,
He prayed, but never prayed for all,
He prayed for those, the Lord had called,
Neither prayed he, for these alone,
But for all, who were yet, to be his own,
He prayed to keep them, in His name,
But never prayed, the World to blame,
He prayed, but never prayed for strife,
He prayed for Unity and Life,
He prayed, for sanctity of Soul,
But never prayed, for Earthly goal,

He prayed to know, His Father's will,
He prays the Lord, to help us still,
He prayed the Lord, to amplify,
Our souls and bodies, with supply,
He prayed the Kingdom, yet to be,
On Earth, as in Eternity,
He prayed, for sweet communion too,
He hopes, to ever dwell with you,
He instituted, as well withal,
His sacred supper, for the called,
He left, this fond memorial feast,
As well for layman, as for priest,
He took, the sweet communion cup,
And bade his children, ever sup,
He sweat, but never sweat as we,
It was in deepest agony,
It was to make, His people free,
He sweat His precious blood for me,
He suffered, persecution too,
And gave His life, for me and you,
He forgave, the wild Satanic band,
Who pierced His side, and nailed His hand,
Forgave the thief, on Calvary,
And offers, pardon unto me,
He lived, but not for selfish gain,
He died, in sacrificial pain,
He hung upon, the cursed Tree,

And spilt His blood for you and me,
He shook this sublunary ball,
And spread an Universal pall,
He conquered, yes, He conquered all,
He conquered Death, restored the Fall,
He banished Satan, conquered Sin,
Revealed another life within,
Yes, He conquered death, restored the Fall,
Crown Him *Ye Nations* Lord of all,
He loves, He wrought, he prayed, He trusts,
And says to do His will we must,
He redeemed, ah! many, commissioned few,
But left the nobler work for you,
Then went, but never went to stay,
He went, to consummate the Way,
He'll come again another day,
In Glory and in Majesty,
He is the gift, the God above,
Was sent to show His matchless Love,
He helps, He ever aids us still,
To know and do His Holy Will,
He lures, He guides us on the way,
That leads to one Eternal Day,
For Christ I am, for Christ I'll be,
Through time and through Eternity,
For much he suffered, then he died,
It was for me, He was crucified,
For Christ I'll be, for Christ I am,
He was the "Sacrificial Lamb,"

CIRCUMSTANCE

Circumstance, proud heroic circumstance, thou tyrant of the ages,
All, all before thee must bow, whether kings potentates, priests or
sages.

TWO EXTREMES.

He who feasts, on fiendish lore,
And dips, his pen in blood,
May cause, another sea of gore,
If not, another Flood.

He who ponders, lofty themes,
And dips his pen in truth,
May cause to drink, from crystal streams,
The aged, and the youth.



THE SCOFFER AND THE CYNIC

There are Scoffers, there are Cynics, by the dozens, by the scores,
Who shun the good and feast as flies, upon the putrid sores.

Should they see a brother, brave, generous, true,
“Ah! this is but a trap, set to capture you.”

Should they see a sister, patient, tender, devoted, kind,
Ah! say they in a sneering way “she’s perfectly Divine.”

If they see a gentleman, to knowledge much inclined,
“Ah! isn’t he a Shakespeare, a Solomon in his mind?”

Or should some humble student, desire to be a man,
They’ll stifle every effort, they’ll crush him if they can.

Should they see a neighbor, progressive in his views,
“He’s a Thomas Benton, He’ll go to congress if you choose.”

Or should they have a neighbor, that’s well to do in life,
He’s either swindled others, or got it by his wife.

If they see a lady, in dress refined and neat,
They’ll say to one another, “Ah! don’t she think she’s sweet?”

Or should there be a lady, forsaken and cast down,
She's the butt of every joke, the sport of every frown.

Should they see a merchant, obliging and refined
Ah! say they in a flouty way, "He's got an ax to grind."

Should there be an official, who executes the Law
"He's an enemy to freedom, the worst you ever saw."

Should an enterprising brother, seem to let his fortune slip,
"It is just as I expected. I said he'd lose his grip."

So the Scoffer and the Cynic, like the Spider and the Owl,
Either shun the light, for darkness, or feast upon the foul.

They look upon true manhood, and womanhood as well,
As nothing more than merchandise, that's simply made to sell.

They look upon Religion, as but a Sunday gown,
Than to be a Parson, they'd rather be a clown.

They'd poison every virtue,
They'd tarnish every soul,
Into Sin and Death they'd plunge you.
If left to their control.

Oh! ye Scoffers, Oh ye Cynics, who may this story read,
In the name of the Eternal I pray you may take heed.

In a world of wondrous beauty,
With a God of wondrous Love,
Feast, Feast thy Souls, on Love and Duty,
Prepare for home, for Heaven above.

TRUTH.

It is Truth, impressed, immutable, Heaven-born, eternal Truth,
That sways the heart, that guides thy hand, in thine immortal youth.
It is Truth, revealed, God-given, inspiring, everlasting Truth,
That frees the heart, redeems the soul, and offers Life forsooth

THE ETERNAL PLAN.

Earth, Air and Water, by a power unseen,
Is made into a garment that clothes the Earth in green.

Earth, Air and Water, obey the power above,
And all conspire together, to prove His wondrous Love.

Earth, Air and Water, by God's allmighty hand,
Are changed to Plant, then to Animal, then to mortal Man.

Earth, Air and Water, in the Eternal Plan,
Form a glorious heritage for weak and fallen man.

*OF THE TWO FOLLOWING WHICH IS THE PICTURE
AND WHICH THE PARODY ON OUR
COUNTRY TOWN ?*

Should you ever chance to visit, our little country town,
You'll find we're for Charity, proverbially renown,
We talk to one another, of one another's ways,
But not in words of slander, we speak in words of praise ;
We're proud of our company, we're proud of our kin,
We're proud of their virtues, but not of their sin,
We're proud of our dresses, our bonnets, our hose,
We're proud of our daughters, we're proud of their beaux.
We're proud of our Parson, we reverence his life,
We're proud of his children, we're proud of his wife
We visit the poor, we honor the brave,
We reverence the rich, we pity the slave,
We're proud of the noble the generous and true,
But not of the Devil, nor not of his crew.
We have love for our neighbors, and their children as well,
Our love for our duty, Ah! no one can tell,
We're loyal to our leaders, yes loyal to the man,
We have unity in action, unity in plan,
We're for culture and refinement, for virtue we're renowned,
The Imp and the Lecher, can no where be found,
The vender and his traffic are the victims of fate,
For enterprise and temperance, we're the first in the state,
In morals and religion, in education too,
We're consistent in practice, consistent in view,
Yes, we pray and we trust, and in peace we abound,
Till each tells the other, he's in love with town.

Should you ever chance to visit, our little country town,
You'll find we're for gossip, proverbially renown,
We talk to one another, of one another's ways,
We speak with words of slander, and not with words of praise,
We talk about our company, we talk about our kin,
We talk about their weaknesses, we talk about their sin,
We talk about our dresses, our bonnets and our hose,
We talk about our daughters, we talk about their beaux,
We talk about our parson, we talk about his wife,
We talk about his children, we talk about his wife,
We talk about the poor, we talk about the brave,
We talk about the rich, we talk about the slave,
We talk about the noble, the generous and the true,
We talk about the Devil, we talk about his crew,
Yes, we talk about our neighbors, about their children too,
Then greet them with the welcome, "Why howdy, howdy-do"
We're divided into factions, divided into clans,
Each has his chieftain, each lays his plans,
We're for culture and refinement, for virtue were renowned,
Yet the Imp and the Lecher can anywhere be found,
For enterprise and temperance, were solid, Ah! were sound,
Yet the vender and his traffic, doth openly abound,
On morals and religion, on education too,
We wince and we cavil, we croak and we coo,
Yes, we prate and we gossip, we bicker and we frown,
Till each tells the other, he's disgusted with the town.

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